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Santa Clara University student body

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Vol, IV.

OCTOBER, 1871.

No. 1.

THE OWL

A MAGAZINE DEVOTED TO
MENTAL IMPROVEMENT.

EDITED BY

THE BOYS OF SANTA CLARA COLLEGE.



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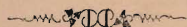
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EDITORS FOR 1871-72:

JAMES H. CAMPBELL, JOHN T. MALONE, HERMANN B. PEYTON, HENRY HARRISON.



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THE OWL.

Vol. IV.

OCTOBER, 1871.

No. 1.

THE PLANET-BORN :

A poem delivered by PROFESSOR H. DANCE, before the Philalethic Literary Society, on the occasion of the Society's Fourth Grand Annual, Monday, June 5th, 1871.

ARGUMENT.

In a planet inhabited by a race of men who have retained their primitive innocence, lives a sinless being named ITHIEL.

A revelation has been vouchsafed him of the doctrines of the Holy Trinity and the Incarnation, though not of the Fall of Man or of the Atonement; and, in answer to his earnest prayer to that effect, he is borne by angels to the planet Terra, or Earth, on which he knows that God Incarnate formerly dwelt. Arriving there, he is welcomed warmly by one of the Princes of the Earth, who chances to find him on his territories; and his life, for some days, is untroubled and happy. Soon, however, he hears with horror of the existence of sin and death in the world; and knowing that he is himself subject, henceforth, to all the conditions of earthly life, he at once bids adieu to his host, sacrifices with all his heart those pleasures, the prospect of which has been put before him in the Prince's palace, and devotes himself from that moment to a life of seclusion and of prayer in the Holy Land; where, with the love of God and the fear of hell continually before his eyes, he attains so high a degree of sanctity that angels appear to him on his death-bed, and bear his soul straight to heaven. The poem ends with a triumphant Dirge sung by a choir of monks.

FAR from the toils and wars and woes of earth,
Far, too, from sin, and from its penalties,
A beauteous planet hangs in boundless space.
Oft, doubtless have we seen it: each one here,
Each gazer on the wondrous world of night,
Holding that silent commune with the stars
Which, save the soulless, all, at times, must hold,
Has, ever and anon, by that pale orb,—
Mysterious in its pallor, yet how bright!—
Been charmed as though by magic. Nay, methinks,
Were each, e'en now, from out the starry host
To choose the planet which he loves the best,

It well might be that on the same pale orb,
The choice of each might fall. Such things *have* been
Elsewhere than on the surface of our earth.

“Once on a time,”—the legend says not when—
On that same planet, god-like in its sheen,
A sinless being walked amidst his peers :
He Ithiel hight; their names to earth unknown.
Starry the firmament that glowed around,
And yet unlike this starry sky of ours,
Some clusters, doubtless, we might recognize.
Could angels waft us to that blissful orb ;
Others, from that far-distant stand-point seen,
Would break upon our gaze so new and bright
And beautifully wondrous, that the mind,
In presence of the glamour of the spheres,
Would sink, o’erwhelmed with awe. There brightly gleamed
Planets, with many moons and glittering rings,
Stars, clustered gloriously in myriad forms
Unknown to earthly ken ; with all that else
The fancy might imagine, weird and strange.*
Such was the scene that rose before their eyes
As, wrapt, they stood—those glorious sons of light—
Glorious, yet less than angels ; and their thoughts,
Unfettered by the chains of Adam’s sin,
Went straightway up unto the common Lord
Of all the universe, their Lord and ours,
Who died for us, who lives for us and them.
And then the music of those stainless souls,
Souls perfect, and harmonious with their God,
The God of harmony, burst forth in song
Rivalling that of angels. Hist!—It comes !
It floats towards us on the distant air !

HYMN OF THE DWELLERS ON THE SINLESS PLANET.

To Him, the Mighty Lord,
The Wise, the Strong,
In myriad worlds adored,
Uplift the song ;—
The happy, holy song,
These shining orbs among !

* *Veniam poscimus astrologorum.*

Yon sky that gleams above
Makes darkness bright;
And His unfailing love
Our souls doth light;
Doth ever ever light:
So live they in His sight.

The holy prophets sang
In days of old,
How heaven with war-notes rang,
And clangor bold;
The clangor, fierce and bold,
Of demon hosts untold;

And how through pride they fell,
Those fiends accurst,
Thrust down to nether hell,
Though angels erst;
Though bright archangels erst,
And first among the first.

Yet, by the Maker's might,
And through His grace,
Still, as the sons of light,
We hold our place;
Our free, our sinless place,
We of the weaker race:

And to the Mighty Lord,
The Wise, the Strong,
In myriad worlds adored,
We lift our song;
Our happy, holy song,
These shining orbs among;
Our happy song!

Slowly the strains of heavenly music died
Upon the resonant air: the Spirit of God,
Descending, dew-like, on their inmost souls,
Guerdoned the happy singers; and they sought,
In converse sweet, their holy, peaceful homes.
Ithiel alone remained. Enwrapt in thought,
He fixed his steadfast gaze on one sole point
In all the firmament. More brilliant orbs,

Blazing elsewhere, he sought not. On our earth
 In reverent amaze his looks were bent :
 The tears of earnest longing filled his eyes ;
 His supplicating arms uprose in prayer ;
 And all the long-pent love of that pure soul
 Broke forth, at last, in words. " O, Spirit Pure,
 " Creator, Father, God,—to Whose sweet will
 " In glad accord Thy creature's will doth bow,—
 " O loving Lord, Who dost implant the wish
 " That Thou mayst bless the wisher ! if it be,
 " As in my inmost soul I think it is,
 " That this strange longing comes to me from Thee,
 " Hear, now, Thy servant's prayer ! O Lord, Lord, Lord !
 " Whom I alone, on this fair planet, know
 " To be the Triune God,—Jesus, Whom I
 " (Thanks to Thy boundless, Thy amazing love
 " Who didst so guide me) worship in the flesh,—
 " Whom I alone, of all Thy creatures here,
 " Know to have dwelt on Terra's orb as man
 " Born of a woman,—O let that sweet earth,
 " That holy blissful earth on which Thou troddst,
 " Be kissed by these poor lips that pray to Thee !
 " O Heavenly Father, O Eternal Son,
 " O Holy Ghost, O Unity Divine
 " In wondrous Trinity, vouchsafe that hence
 " Some angel bear me through the Middle Space,
 " And set me down on Terra ! Grant but this ;
 " And all things else I leave, unasked, to Thee."

He said, and trembled : for, in sudden awe,
 He recognized the messengers of God,
 Abdiel and Ira, sent to bear him thence ;
 And, e'en whilst giving glory to his Lord,
 He felt his flight commencing. Up, or down,
 Or right, or left, he knew not : this alone
 He knew,—that angel arms upheld his form,
 And that he flew to Terra. Thus, entranced,—
 The Holy name yet trembling on his lips,
 And scaring all the Demons of the Void,
 Who, in their fierce unrest, sought still in vain
 To shun that Name and Power—they bore him on
 Through the Mid Space, half-conscious : nearing earth,
 They slacked their speed ; and, gently as the dew

From heaven descending, rested, with their charge,
Mid leafy glades that decked a fair hill-side,
And by a running stream whose glittering face,
Touched by the morning sun, smiled back its joy
At the bright forms it mirrored. Ithiel slept.

There, by the river's gentle murmur soothed,
And dazed, withal, at that so wondrous flight
Through star-lit space, he lay in dreamless sleep;
Nor from his leafy covert wandered forth,
Until the lessening shadows of the trees
Gave sign of noon: then, brightened and refreshed,
He of the sinless planet sought a home
On sinful Terra, knowing not its sin.

Strange to our speech and customs; strangely clad,
Yet with a passing richness; nobler far
In form and mien than any son of Earth,
Because more god-like—though to earthly eyes
A man of earthly race—he trod the land
With a firm step and stately: those who saw
Made low obeisance, as to king or lord,
In silent wonder spell-bound; till, at length,
The Ruler of the Land, who chanced that way,
With courteous word and princely smile approached,
And gave the stranger welcome: in what tongue
Imports not much. Suffice it here to say
That Ithiel, new to all the tongues of Earth,
Answered in speech unearthly; and the Prince,
Though marveling much whence such a guest might spring,
In gestures made rejoinder. In a while
Pointing afar, where lordly towers uprose
Above the clustering tree-tops,—“Be thy home
“Yonder,” he cried, “O stranger prince, with me!”
And more he would have added, but that words,
Uttered in any tongue we use on earth,
On Ithiel's ears were wasted. He, from signs,
Catching the Prince's meaning, bowed assent,
And, in swift gestures, signing forth his thanks,
Sought refuge with the lord of that fair realm.

A glorious land, and under glorious rule,
Had noble Ithiel found. What Earth might yield,
Of richness or of beauty, there he saw

THE PLANET-BORN.

In glad abundance; and his princely host,
With courteous care and ever-growing love,
Made each bright day more happy than the last.
Soon came the knowledge of our earthly tongues
To Ithiel's ready mind; and he again,
Taught the sweet speech of his far-distant sphere
To apt and willing learners. Thus sped on,
In converse sweet, the many-circling hours,
Whilst Ithiel told the story of his flight;
And faith and wonder in the minds of all
Made equal counterpoise; for in such wise
Did the man speak, such innocence shone forth
In all his words, such wisdom, and such truth,
And o'er his very manner hung such charm,
That none who heard could doubt. And yet this faith
With wildest wonder so was intermixed
As if some angel, from the Throne of God,
Were rendering his message. Such their zeal
To hear a tale so wondrous, there was left
Small room for earthly lore; though ever much
The stranger loved to hear them talk of earth:
And thus, from time to time, some things he learned
Of this our planet; loving more and more
His courteous teachers; and discerning nought
Save good in all they told him. With the Prince
E'en as a brother lived he; and for his,
The Prince's sake, he loved the race of Earth.

So Ithiel, seeing but the fairer side
Of human life in this our beauteous world,
And thanking still the Lord of Earth and Sky,
For granting that one wish of all his heart,
His flight to Terra, lived a joyous life,
And still delayed, from morn till happy eve,
From eve till morn, the holy pilgrimage
Which ever in his thoughts held highest place,
To that blest land where God, of Maiden born,
Had dwelt in form of man. To see, to kiss,
To worship all the traces of his Lord,
Was still his heart's first longing; but the love
He bore those earth-born friends, and, most of all,
His princely host, detained him. So it fell,
Whilst thus his mind in equal balance hung,

And yet he went not, that he saw one day
A lofty dome-crowned pile, whose iron gates,
In twisted scrolls the Prince's cypher bore;
A building strange in form, and windowless,
Gloomy, yet grand, unlike all else he knew
Of earthly dwellings. "Tell me, Prince of Earth,
"For what strange guests was such a palace built?
"They love not light, methinks, who dwell therein."
Thus Ithiel. But the Prince, in solemn tone,
Answered: "No *earthly* light such inmates need.
"A 'Mausoleum' call we yon dark pile;
"And they who rest therein we term 'the Dead'.
"The Dead?" said Ithiel: "Who, then, are 'the Dead'?"
"I know not such a name. I pray thee, Prince,
"Bid all these 'Dead' to sup with us to-night,
"In thy fair palace yonder." "God forbid!"
The Prince exclaimed; "Far be such guests from us!
"I would not scare thee; for it well might scare
"A soul so pure as thine, to hear of death
"And of the charnel; therefore spake I never—
"As e'en among ourselves we speak not oft—
"Of this dread curse, o'ershadowing our race,
"Which men call 'Death'.—Nay, prithee, look not thus!"
Pale, Ithiel turned, as death, at Death's drear name.
"Speak quickly, Prince! Tell all! 'The Dead'? 'A curse'?"
"Prince, I adjure thee, *speak*!"—and, so adjured,
The earth-born told the story of the Earth,
E'en from the time when first the Serpent, coiled
In treacherous folds around the fatal tree,
Seduced fair helpless Eve, who gave consent,
Joining her will with Satan's; till that day,
That happy day, whereon the second Eve,
Joining her will with God's will, straight conceived
In her pure womb, the Lord of Life and Light,
The Second Adam. So the tale went on,
The teller wearying not, the listener wrapt
Alike in wonder and consuming fear,
And hanging on the lips of him who spoke,
Pale, trembling, breathless; till the last dread scene—
The Living God upon the Tree of Shame,
Destroying death by dying—showed the way
By which the race of Earth, deep-sunk in sin,

Might thence upsoar unto the deathless life.

Then Ithiel breathed again. Then, then once more
 Back to that pallid cheek the life-blood came;
 And, with it, such a glance of high resolve,
 Of stern self-sacrifice for His dear love
 Who died upon the Tree, of zeal, and prayer,
 And meek submission to the Will Divine;
 That scarce he seemed the same who stood, but now,
 Before the Palace of the Human Dead,
 And spoke of things he knew not. Quick, he turned
 His glance of light upon the Prince's face,—
 "O Prince of Earth, for whom the grave-yard yawns,
 "Call'st thou *this* kindness,—*this* a brother's love,—
 "That, all these days, no word has passed thy lips
 "Of the dread curse called Death? This, this alone
 "Were worth the telling. All things else might pass,
 "Nay, peace! Speak not! I know what thou wouldst say.
 "Ithiel is *not* exempt! If death hold sway
 "O'er all on Terra's sphere, then am I too
 "Death's subject; for unknowing what I chose,
 "I chose the lot of Earth. O'er *me*, perchance,
 "May Satan wield that strange mysterious power
 "He wields o'er Adam's race, through Adam's sin.
 "Nay, do I dream? or feel I, even now,
 "Some strange commotion in my inmost soul,
 "Unknown before? Avaunt, foul fiend! I am,
 "I will remain,—come joy, come woe, come death,—
 "The ever faithful servant of my Lord!
 "Earth-born, I go. Within thy halls of joy
 "The death-doomed cannot dwell. I seek, alone,
 "Some holy place where commune with my God
 "May fit me for this *death* of which thou speak'st.
 "I thank thee, and I love thee; but I go
 "This instant, hence.—Nay, brother, pray for me;
 "But bar not thou my flight. God be thy guard!
 "And so, farewell." And e'en while yet he spake,
 The sound fell fainter on the Prince's ear
 Of Ithiel's sad "farewell;" for with a speed
 Which mocked pursuit, as cloth-yard shaft from bow,
 The Planet-born had vanished from his sight.
 There, rooted, stood the Prince, in dumb amaze.
 Holy and sad, thenceforth, his earthly life.

Nor jocund song again, nor merry laugh
 Escaped those firm-set lips. One thought alone
 Held fixed possession of his inmost soul;
 One prayer rose daily to the throne of grace;
 One hope sustained him: that he yet might see,
 Within the Heavenly City's shining courts,
 The much-loved form of Ithiel, 'mid the train
 Of those who follow close behind the Lamb.
 And thus we leave him. * * * * *

Long years have passed; and now the scene is changed.
 We stand on Judah's hills; we see the vale
 Of fair Gethsemane; dark Calvary's heights
 Turn back our shrinking gaze; the silver thread
 Of Kedron's brook lies gleaming at our feet;
 And all around us tells of His dear love
 Who died that we might live. The hallowed air,
 With angel voices haunted, seems to waft
 Our spirits heavenward; and the vesper chant
 From many a holy fane, like incense-cloud,
 Uprises to the Crucified. Therewith
 Mingle the tones of some old hermit's voice,
 Whose cell, till now unmarked, beside our path
 We notice. Faint yet earnest sounds his prayer;
 Feeble, yet full of holy, stern resolve;
 Now fainter still,—and feebler. Entering straight,
 We make the holy sign; for there, outstretched
 Upon his pallet, lies the aged saint,
 The Planet-born, our Ithiel. Year on year,
 Lustrum on lustrum, passing o'er his head,
 Have still found Ithiel steadfast in the love
 Of the dear Lord Who died on Calvary.
 A holy anchorite, he gave to God
 Each fleeting moment of the uncertain life
 Allotted him on Earth. Immortal once,
 Now mortal, like the race whose lot he shares,
 His one great thought is ever, "Prayer, prayer, prayer!"
 Nor earthly nor demoniac lures for him
 Had aught save terror in them; for he knew
 That, like his fellow-men, of earthly mould,
 He might become a denizen of hell:

No safety but in prayer! An so, through prayer,
 His life became a heavenly life on earth.
 In the dark hours of the silent night,
 The glimmering lamp that hung before the shrine
 Where God Incarnate dwelt, shed crimson rays
 On Ithiel's prostrate form; at early morn
 The sun found Ithiel kneeling to his Lord;
 The noon-day heat, that parched the outer world,
 Parched not the soul of Ithiel; for he knelt
 Before the fountain of the living stream
 Which whoso drinks shall thirst not; Evensong
 Called Ithiel from the altar to the choir:
 And that long life of commune with his God
 Has, now, fit ending. He invokes the names
 Of Jesus, Mary, Joseph: then, once more
 Closing those eyes that towards the Crucifix,
 Where knelt bright spirits seen by him alone,
 In wrapt adoring gaze had still been turned,—
 "Abdiel, I come," he cries; "O wait for me,
 "Sweet Ira, but a moment, and I come!
 "Ye twain shall bear me to the Eternal Throne
 "Who brought me from the planet of my birth
 "To this poor faithless Terra. To the Lord,
 "The Triune God, by Whose dear love, I stand,
 "For this last grace be glory evermore!
 "Blessings on Earth, and on the Holy Church!"

A pause!—A gasp!—A rattle!—He is gone!
 Before us, on the pallet, lies the corpse
 That once was Ithiel; and the flitting soul,
 On seraph wings upborne, flies to its God:
 And as it passes, and we kneel in prayer,
 The awful presence of the Angelic Host,
 Encompasses the place; and all the air
 With heavenly music trembles. Then is heard
 The "Subvenite" from the priestly lips
 Within the cell; the while the attendant choir
 Of holy monks without, in words like these,
 Chants the triumphant Dirge which ends our lay:—

DIRGE, BY THE MONKS.

Our brother to his doom must go,
 And earthly winds are sighing;

And earthly bells are tolling slow,
And earthly priests are chanting, low,
The Office for the Dying

But heavenly breezes waft his name
Before the Throne of Glory;
And angel harps resound his fame;
And heavenly choirs, with loud acclaim,
Declare his wondrous story.

They tell his high and sinless birth;
They sing his life immortal
On that fair planet, far from earth,
Whereon nor sorrow dwells, nor dearth
Finds entry at the portal.

They sing how seraphs bore him thence;
How Earth, with sin so tainted,
Received him, pure from all offence,
And how, in danger's imminence,
He staggered not, nor fainted;

But straight the thorny pathway took,
With faith and hope unshifting;
Kept guard o'er thought and word and look;
Earth's fleeting pleasures all forsook;
To Christ his soul uplifting.

For paltry hope of worldly bliss,
For gain of worldly treasure,
For soldier's fame, or woman's kiss,
The Planet-born disdained to miss
The joys that know not measure.

O Sons of Earth, be ours the choice
To tread the path of duty;
To spurn, like him, the tempter's voice;
In life to grieve, in death rejoice;—
Our guerdon, heavenly beauty!

So, "timely happy, timely wise,"
Our hearts from earth we sever;
So, from his home beyond the skies,
Shall Ithiel's saintly prayer arise
That we, like him, may win the Prize,
With him may reign for ever!

RECOLLECTIONS OF THE CAPE OF GOOD HOPE.

BY WM. B. WILSON.

The Cape of Good Hope, or Southern portion of Africa, possesses an interest, second to no other part of the globe. Its discovery; its geographical position; its maritime importance; its savage inhabitants; its bloody wars; its climate; the variety and ferocity of its wild beasts; its productions; and last, but not least, its extensive diamond fields, have all tended to establish for it, so world-wide a reputation, that a few of our "Recollections," based upon a residence of over twenty years in that part of the world, may not prove uninteresting.

To us, the name alone has an indescribable charm. It carries us back to the days of innocence and happiness, and calls to memory, a host of dear, good, kind relatives and friends, who are, to-day, in possession of all the earthly comfort which that sunny land affords, and which we have sacrificed for the gratification of a roving desire.

Our sad reflections, however, are not likely to interest our readers; we will check them in the bud, and proceed to give a brief description of colonial life.

There is a much wider difference between city and frontier life in the Cape of Good Hope, than there is in California. The country is so thinly settled, that a few hours'

ride from any town, Cape Town excepted, will surround you with dangers, and one is in momentary expectation of an attack either from savages or wild beasts. The latter, in very many cases, are less to be dreaded than the former—an encounter with either is avoided, if possible, by the traveller, but if it were left to choice, two-thirds would prefer the wild beast, for in him they would expect a more open attack than from the savage. This will be illustrated as we proceed; but at present we must imagine ourselves in Cape Town, where there is no danger of anything of the kind.

Cape Town is the capital of the colony, and has a population of some 11,000 or 12,000. It is situated at the foot of a very lofty mountain called Table Mountain—from which the bay derives its name. Its streets are broad and beautifully macadamized, and its buildings are constructed of a kind of blue rock, that is not only substantial but ornamental. There is little regard to expense in the erection of mercantile or dwelling houses; while there is a degree of extravagance manifested in their churches and public buildings. It has its public gardens too, and their beauty would put to shame many an older country. On the whole, Cape Town presents a much more pleasing appearance than one would expect.

The greater number of its inhabitants are from the British Isles, with the usual proportion of for-

eigners; the remainder being made up of Boers, Molattas (or "Cape Town people" as they are called), Malays and Hottentots, with a few Kaffirs and Fingoes.

Love of adventure has frequently induced persons to form exploring parties; and provided with their guns and ammunition, a supply of provisions, and a "pocket pistol" loaded up to the muzzle with "Cape smoke"—a brandy manufactured in the colony from the peach—they commence the ascent of (that almost perpendicular) Table Mountain, regardless of the number who have preceded them, and who have been caught in the "table-cloth"—a dense fog that frequently envelopes about two-thirds of the mountain. This fog continues for several days, and increases in density, and the almost certain fate of any person who has the misfortune to be within its limits, is death. All knowledge of their whereabouts is deprived them, and the party becomes separated, and they commence the descent with little hope of success. Their enemy has a treacherous tendency to deceive, and just as the unfortunate victim is becoming hopeful, he is launched into eternity, down a scraggy precipice, some hundreds of feet in depth, without even the chance of saying, "Lord have mercy on me."

Accidents of this kind are so very frequent, that the heading, "Lost in the fog," is as familiar to the eye of the newspaper reader in the Cape

of Good Hope, as that of "Another shooting affray," is in California.

Table Bay is a large, but by no means a safe harbor—exposed as it is to the terrific North-west gales that are so prevalent on the coast. Yet, despite its insecurity, the mariner is forced to make it a calling-place, when en route to or from the East Indies, China, Japan, or the Australasian Islands, for the purpose of coaling, provisioning or watering; hence it is, that there is seldom less than eighty or one hundred vessels lying at anchor in the roadstead. On one occasion, while one of those gales of which we have spoken, was at its height, no less a number than fourteen of these merchant vessels were driven, almost simultaneously upon the rock-bound shore, and every soul on board perished, and that, too, within one hundred yards of thousands of willing hearts and hands, who were perfectly powerless to render any assistance to their perishing fellow creatures. The port boasts of three patent life-boats, with well organized crews; but, unfortunately, their services can rarely be made use of, after the doomed vessel has once struck.

The next place of importance is Port Elizabeth. Though not so large as Cape Town, its shipping trade in 1867-8, was far in excess, and there was every prospect of a steady increase. The town is built on the side of a hill; the top, which is a beautiful plain, commands an extensive sea view, which makes it

a most desirable place of residence. The lower, or business portion of the town, is quite equal to its older neighbor, Cape Town, in the grandeur of its buildings; and if the capital can boast of a magnificent Parliament and Government house, Port Elizabeth can safely compare her City Hall and Grey Hospital with either of them. Both these cities are pestered with a "Malay town," situated close to the water's edge, and differ only in the appearance of its inhabitants, from those hot-beds of filth and crime—Chinese towns—with which many cities here are burdened.

Not the least of the novelties of the Cape, is the mode of traveling; and with the kind permission of our readers we cordially invite them to accompany us on a trip up country, advising them to abandon all notions of comfort, and prepare themselves for a little amusement seasoned with hardships.

Arriving at Port Elizabeth, and passing through the unpleasant ordeal of your boat being surrounded by sixty or eighty stalwart, six-foot, naked niggers, and you unceremoniously hauled out and placed astride on the shoulders of one of them, and thus borne—with your legs, if not your body in the water—to the beach. You offer up a silent prayer of gratitude, while at the same time you feel a regret, that love of adventure, or whatever else it may have been, had subjected you to such degradation. It is a rough welcome, true; but before

we have finished our trip, you will be reconciled with your surroundings.

In a wagon about twenty-five feet in length, by eight feet in breadth, laden with merchandize, and drawn by a team of sixteen huge, long-horned oxen, and navigated by a nigger driver and leader—the driver clad in a half-civilized half-savage style, while the leader, a youth of about fifteen, is covered with a sheepskin, which he wears, mantle fashion, fastened with a strip of raw hide—you secure a passage.

As hotels are "few and far between" it is necessary to lay in a stock of provisions, sufficient for a journey of seven or eight days, in which time you hope to reach Grahamstown—providing that everything goes successfully; but there is a thousand to one chances against this proviso. After leaving the town, it is customary to "outspan" at the first place that affords grass and water for the cattle, and also to await the arrival of other wagons bound in the same direction.

Here, it may be said, you undergo your baptism of "colonial life." After the oxen are turned out to graze, the "fore-looper," or leader, who knows his duty well, mechanically unties the three-legged pot and little kettle that is suspended under the wagon, and proceeds in search of water, in the direction taken by the oxen. He just arrives in time to find the last of them emerging from a pool or "vley"

of muddy water in which they have been rolling, and with this water he fills his vessels and hastens back to the wagon. During his absence the driver collects a quantity of fuel and proceeds to light the fire, with the aid of a tinder-box. For passengers, the meat is generally grid-dled on the coals, and so highly seasoned with salt and pepper, that it is really very relishable. But the negro disdains the white man's taste and always (when water is to be had) boils the meat, using herbs and roots as vegetables. It may be easily imagined what kind of soup the water we have described would produce; and yet, although it is necessary to continue removing the mud which is sent to the surface by the action of the boiling water, they enjoy it more than all the dainties you can possibly offer them.

A stroll through the fields, will partially recompense you for any deficiency at the repast, though, in this part of the country, there is nothing to excite admiration.

On the approach of night, the cattle are tied to their respective yokes, in order that they be readily "inspanned" when the journey is resumed. The softest part of the ground, in the vicinity of the fire, is selected, and arranging the blankets you lay down to sleep.

About two o'clock in the morning, you are roused by the driver, who is ready to "trek," or start; and perched upon a case or bale, with your over-coat closely button-

ed around you, the journey is continued at the rate of two-and-a-half, or three miles an hour, until nine o'clock, when they outspan for breakfast. Here they remain until about four o'clock in the afternoon, when they move on again until a late hour in the night; and so it is, day after day.

There is little to excite curiosity, as we have said, in this part of the country, except it is the novel way of transporting the wagons and oxen across a couple of large rivers; and the long trains of vehicles, precisely the same as the one in which you are traveling, laden with bales of wool from the interior, bound to Port Elizabeth.

There are two lines of road to Grahamstown—the old and the new. The new road runs within a few miles of, and parallel to the coast, for a distance of thirty or forty miles. The Zwaartkops River is crossed on a substantially constructed bridge, but there is a distance of at least half a mile of a raised road, from the bridge to the foot of the hill which banks the river. At high water, the "flatt" on both sides of this road is inundated to the depth of four or five feet; and pleasure parties from Port Elizabeth—distant eight miles—may be seen sailing about upon the silvery surface. It is truly a beautiful sight: this sheet of water extending four or five miles; bound on the one side by a high chain of mountains covered with majestic trees, and on the other, by a vel-

vety plain; while a glance seaward will exhibit the heavy ground swell rolling on in rapid succession, endeavoring, as it were, to break through its barrier, and destroy the equanimity of those within.

About a days' ride brings us to Sunday's River, and everything is the very reverse of what we have just seen. The water is of a dark brown color, while in every direction you behold nothing but sand-hills. There is a rather steep descent to the river, and arriving here, you have to await your turn in crossing. It is a tedious job: The wagon is drawn on to a pontoon bridge, eighty or ninety feet long; there is a stout wire rope stretched across the river, passing through horns on the bridge, and by this means you are drawn to the opposite shore, a distance of about one hundred and fifty yards. The trip occupies about half-an-hour, provided there is no accident, but a day seldom passes without witnessing one or more. Young cattle, in their excitement, frequently jump overboard, and if not readily cut loose, are likely to drag others in also. On several occasions the whole team have taken fright, and rushing madly into the water, draw the wagon with them; as the river is deep and a strong current running, everything, of course, is irretrievably lost. Another danger attached to this, as well as many other rivers in the colony is, the sudden floods. Without the least warning, an immense volume of water will

come rushing down, sweeping everything before it. These floods are generally the result of heavy thunder-storms in the mountains, and are justly dreaded by all.

The remainder of the journey is rather pleasant; and as we leave the coast, the scenery increases in beauty, and one forgets the dangers of the past in the prospect of the future.

Before introducing our readers to Grahamstown, we will give them a brief sketch of the old line of road leading to that city. It crosses both the rivers alluded to, some twenty miles higher up, by a ford, or "drift." The absence of the sea sand with which the new is so profuse, together with the magnificent bush scenery through which it passes, renders it a much more pleasant, though longer, route to travel. Leaving Sunday's River, you enter a dense forest, known as Hada Bush. For the most part of a distance of ten miles, it is impenetrable beyond a few feet from the road which is barely wide enough to admit of wagons passing when they meet. This bush extends a considerable distance up the river, and is infested with wild beasts of every kind. The lion and tiger, however, are seldom seen in the neighborhood of the road, but are found by the hunter, in great numbers, in the more secluded parts. The elephant, on the contrary, may frequently be seen, lazily sauntering along the road, in search of some choice food, regardless of your approach, and it

is only when his elephantic majesty finds a more open part of the bush, will he deign to let you proceed on your journey. This is the result of a law passed by the colonial Parliament, many years ago, prohibiting hunters from killing elephants within a certain limit, under the penalty of a fine of £500, or five years imprisonment.

At the further extremity of this "bush" is a beautiful "vley," surrounded with weeping willows, and the road forms a circuit to avoid it. The contrast of this beautiful spot with its wild surroundings, naturally suggests the question, "How did they come to be planted there?" We answer: In the Kaffir war of 1846, the farmers of the Quagga Flatts formed a "lager," that is, selected a farm in the neighborhood that commanded the best defensive position. Erecting a breast-work around the house, they removed their families and stock within the enclosure, and felt quite prepared for any attack from their savage foe. A week rolled on without hearing of a single Kaffir being in the vicinity—though on the frontier the war was raging furiously. It so happened that about this time, Mrs. Bennett, the wife of the Commandant of the "lager," was taken seriously ill, and it was resolved to remove her to Port Elizabeth. Accordingly, the poor sick lady, with her family of three beautiful children, two boys and a girl, with two female nurses, were placed in a wagon and sent on the road, the

husband promising to overtake them in company with some of his men, and escort them through the bush. But some unforeseen circumstance detained them longer than they intended, and they just arrived at the wagon in time to hear the death shrieks of one of the women; the cries of his daughter in the bush attracted the attention of Mr. Bennett, and rushing in the direction, he beheld a brawny Kaffir with his "assagai" (a spear) uplifted, ready to pierce her through the heart. A click, a flash, a report, and with a loud "Yenela!" he jumped into the air and fell back, dead. The poor girl was borne back to the road, senseless, and left in the charge of one of the men, while the poor husband and father went to the wagon to drain his bitter cup of misery to the very bottom. The scene that met his gaze is too horrifying to be described; suffice it to say that he found the three women, his two sons, the driver and leader, most brutally murdered. The bodies were taken back to the "lager" and interred, and a few days afterwards, the grief-stricken husband marked the sad spot, by planting the trees that have attracted our attention.

On emerging from the Hada Bush, we find ourselves on the "Quagga" or Zebra Flatts. They are some eleven miles broad, and about eighteen long, and the animals from which they derive their name, may be seen in droves of from twenty to fifty, in many pla-

ees, as you move along the road; they are very swift, and hunted down as they have been, they take fright at the first sight of a human being, and scamper off at full speed until they consider themselves beyond rifle range, when they will turn round and view you with apparent unconcern.

Bushman's River, the next on our route, presents an enchanted appearance. The river banks are covered with trees, and as far as the naked eye can reach, myriads of birds' nests are to be seen dangling from the branches that overhang the water; the country in the vicinity, too, presents such a mild yet luxuriant appearance, that it leaves an impression upon the mind, that years will not remove.

As we approach Grahamstown, the country becomes more mountainous and rugged, and progress is considerably retarded. The only point worthy of notice is Howitson's Poort, distant from the town, seven miles. The road enters a valley between two very high mountains, running parallel with each other, and ascends gradually, in a zigzag way, a distance of four miles, when the country becomes more open, and you are cheered with the sight of industry. On either sides of the road are wool-washing establishments, with acres of ground covered with beautiful white fleece, drying, or raked up into heaps, preparatory to being baled and pressed; while, right and left, the streams are lined with hun-

dreds of busy negroes, under the supervision of white overseers, passing the wool through the various stages of washing. It is from the springs in these mountains that the Kowie River—from which Grahamstown one day expects so much—owes its origin. The most precipitous part of the mountain has been named, "Babiyan (baboon) Krantz;" and most justly, too, for the baboons, large and small old and young, are seen bounding from rock to rock, in countless numbers, and creating a deafening din. It is a perfect Bedlam let loose, and their boldness and daring, strikes you with the idea that Pat was not altogether wrong when he remarked: "The ugly divils *can* spake, but the're afeerd that we'll make 'em work if they do."

At last we are in sight of Signal Hill, and are told that in two short hours we will be in the capital of the Eastern Province. Everything earthly has an end, and so has our journey, thus far at least, and we'll just take a glimpse at the city.

Grahamstown is the military head-quarters of the colony, and has barrack accommodation for three regiments of the line, and one of cavalry; they are situated—with a view to protection—one at either entrance to the town, and the Drosdy, or Main Barracks, at the foot of Signal Hill. We are wrong in saying "town," for it is the See of a Church of England Bishop, which constitutes it a "city," and it is well deserving the title. The

streets are unusually broad, and the sidewalks are lined with fine old oak trees. The regularity of its buildings gives the stranger an idea of the comfort of its inhabitants, and this is improved upon acquaintance. The city covers a larger tract of country than Cape Town, though the population does not exceed eight thousand. Its churches are very tastefully constructed, with the exception of the English Church, which presents the appearance of having been erected at least a century ago. The Roman Catholic Cathedral—St. Patrick's—situated on the adjoining block, affords a striking contrast with its Anglican neighbor. There is an Academy for young ladies, under the management of the Sisters of Charity, and this institution is so highly esteemed, despite the prejudiced feeling that exists in the colony towards Catholicism, that young ladies of every denomination are within its walls. Some idea of the magnitude of this grand institution may be formed from the fact, that the number of female orphan children, fed, clothed and educated, within it, rarely number less than eighty. The charity and endurance of these dear ladies, in their attendance upon the wounded, in both the military and civil hospitals, during the Kaffir war of 1851-2, has done more towards the propagation of the Faith in that Protestant country, than years of missionary labor could have hoped to accomplish. During the war, the

Kaffirs had exhibited more daring courage, than had ever been accredited them, and it became necessary to adopt every precautionary measure for the protection of life and property. Accordingly, the streets were barricaded, the churches and other large buildings loop-holed, skirmishing parties placed on the surrounding hills, and, in short, every precaution to prevent a surprise, was taken. Farmers were compelled to abandon their homes, and seek shelter in the towns. Cattle were driven on to the flats to pasture, under strong escorts; the Kaffirs would make an attack in overwhelming numbers, and, killing the escort, would drive off the herd. Companies of mounted levies would be sent in pursuit, and several fierce bush fights would follow, laying low many a brave white man. Crowds would follow this brave little band with ammunition and refreshments for the wounded, while bringing up the rear might be seen the stretcher-bearers. These are but a unit of the evils of a Kaffir war, and only caused by prowling parties. On the frontier, where the attention of nearly the whole military force of the colony is needed, aided by "levy" regiments, the sufferings of all are fearful; and the accounts of the horrible deaths to which these blood-thirsty savages subject their unfortunate victims, would chill the blood in the veins of the most hardened murderer.

ROLLER SKATING.

A TALE WITH A MORAL.

BY. J. POUJADE.

Slipping, tumbling, rolling, sliding—
How delightful is this riding
On the little slipping wheels!
With ambitious wild sensations,
Watch I all the variations
Of their swift and graceful reels.

Watching still, at last I buy them,
Then some demon whispers, "try them;"
And I lace them on my feet;
All the while with envy eyeing
Youth and beauty round me flying—
Bold and tender, strong and fleet.

Surely skating is no trouble!
With what ease they turn or double!
Hand in hand, too, now they go!
Sylph-like, swan-like, float the ladies:
Who of roller skates afraid is?
Brave I'll risk the overthrow!

Boldly from my seat I started;
But my feet instantanly parted,
On the many figured floor:
Soon those feet two ways were sliding,
Further yet my legs dividing—
I remember little more!

Only I'd a fearful feeling,
That throughout the once blank ceiling,
Stars and comets blazed on high;
And that round my head a twirling,
Fast on roller skates were whirling,
All the skaters of the sky.

First came Dian and Apollo;
 Venus next, with Mars to follow;
 Cupid fond, and Psyche fair:
 Next were Mercury and Juno;
 Then more gods than you or I know;
 Nymphs and satyrs, too, were there.

Two bright stars, thence downward gazing,
 Set my poor jarred brain a-blazing;
 For, though soft, they mocked my pain.
 Then I heard sweet silvery laughter,
 And, from things of the hereafter,
 Back I sped to earth again.

Still those orbs, so brightly shining,
 Seemed to pierce my heart, divining
 All my sense of grief and shame.
 Said a voice, "You've had a fall, sir!
 "Falls *will* come. A slip; that's all sir!
 This the first time e'er you came?"

Words I had not, nor could borrow,
 Fitly to depict my sorrow;
 But the smart of sore disgrace,
 All my hopes of glory crushing,
 Sent the red blood upward rushing—
 Rushing to my pallid face.

Still I felt that I must answer
 Civilly this gliding dancer:—
 "No! I surely did not fall?
 "'Twas the floor flew up and hit me;
 "And I thought the jar had split me;
 "But—not hurt ma'am!—not at all!"

Then, with head and heart sore aching,
 I, those gliders soon forsaking,
 Hied me to my welcome bed:
 And the moral of my tale is—
 (Sure, its learner, not to fail is)—
 NEVER SKATE UPON YOUR HEAD.

A DIALOGUE

BETWEEN

DEAN SWIFT AND FR. PROUT.

DEAN. Hallo, Prout, is that you old boy? Arrived at last, by jingo? 'Tis a cure for sore eyes to see you. By the cave of Trophonius! You came down to take a peep at the style in which things are managed down here?

PROUT. I have the inconceivable pleasure of beholding with my own eyes the Dean of St. Patrick's, the author of Lilliput?

D. At your blarney again, Prout! After being dished up so often for the Saxon thanes, its rehash would stink in the nostrils of the biggest cadger. I have a crow to pick with you, Prout: may Plato admire me if I don't make you sup sorrow!

P. Bless me, Doctor, if I know what you're at!—if I am not in Cimmerian darkness as to the motives of this strange reception? You always bore the character of a lover of fair play, be outspoken then, dear Doctor. State the charges and give me an opportunity of rebutting them.

D. I refer to the "Tale of a Churn," found in your "Reliques." Now, you know, from my published life, I am as well begotten as any who profess to be born of honest parents, whether in the land of the Shanrock, the Rose, or the Thistle. If my enemies—and they are legion—could have charged me with anything on that score, there would have been no scruple about

it. Deuce trust their scrupulosity!

P. Doctor, who keeps *jug* in these regions of benightedness? You are as cynical as ever; I fear they don't keep it strictly. Why, Doctor, you are awfully profane! I admit I have written a tale, but, on looking it over, you will find I have spoken of you as the most learned man in the three kingdoms. With regard to your birth, you must know 'twas only a *jeu d'esprit*; it nowise effected your physical begottness.

D. What, in the name of heaven, put you up to act the body-snatcher—to draw my frailties from that dread abode where I have long since hoped they were buried, awaiting the last trump for their exposure? Methinks the "Tale of a Tub" must have originated your mistimed production. In the whole of that foolish tale you will not find you're mentioned. I am free to confess, in this cursed atmosphere.

P. No thanks to you, Doctor, for your gratuitous omission of Prout in that—to use your phrase—*foolish tale*, in any atmosphere, whether infernal or supernal. You must know, Doctor, I wasn't born in that period of British misrule.

D. To be outspoken with you, Prout, here is the front of my offending. You seemed to think the tale affected your cloth. That must have been the only reason for your gross caricature of it in the "Tale of a Churn." In the whole of the "Reliques," that tale has the fewest of the broad grins. You

must have been working against the grain. 'Tis hard to uproot the mutual affection of brother wits. Shake hands, old boy, thou best of broad grinners!

P. As to "affecting the cloth," you intend to convey the idea that I represented your own tale as militating against the clerical order; and, therein, against yourself, no twinkling luminary of it; and that thus, by means of gross caricature and the imputation of madness, I meant to hold you forth to the world as

—"crazed with care or crossed in hopeless love"

Now, dear Doctor, that's your meaning! Admit the soft impeachment, my beloved Dean of St. Patrick's.

D. May Plato admire me, Prout, if you are not the deuce of an old boy for ferreting out one's meaning! Confound your blarney, Prout! You know as well as any peasant, orthane, that I belonged to the cloth nohow. Taking orders *in sacrâ ecclesiâ meâ* means to get hold of the loaves and fishes—to keep body and soul tightly together, anyhow.

P. Dear Doctor, not so fast, I pray! I didn't impute to you anything so sacred. Time and again that has been satisfactorily proved. Nothing would be gained by going over the same ground amid the umbrageous foliage of these dusky regions.

D. 'Twas deuced unkind of me, Prout, not to ask you in the commencement, how you liked the Commonwealth of Orcus. You will attribute it, I know, to my cy-

nicism. If I were cynically inclined, I should be glad to see more applicants for naturalization here.

P. Rather a gloomy prospect beyond the grave, I must admit! Enough to give one a fit of the blues *in sæcula sæculorum*.

D. There is one advantage, however: we become gentlemen of color for once in our lives. You could not distinguish Beau Brummel from Prince Lee-Boo.

P. Time out of mind, *apud superos*, the colored fraternity have been dealing in heavy assumptions as to the originality and respectability of the dusky color. The Saxon and brother Jonathan have got heartily ashamed of their color. "The moment," says Curran. "a colored boy touches the sacred soil of Britain, that moment the boy swells beyond the measure of his chains; he becomes regenerated and disenthralled by the Genius of Universal Emancipation."

D. Curran had a leer in his eye when he used such fustian. He took a large dose of mental reservation. 'Tis clear he meant that if the nigger landed on a windy day, when puffed up like a bladder, the "black feller" would burst as a matter of course; the chain cutting his *penetralia* in twain. Impartially speaking, Prout, would you not call such fustian the unmitigated quintessence of blarney? The white tint is growing wofully shabby, I remark, and getting into bad repute among the natives. The colored odor is better suited to scent

bowers dedicated to neatness and repose.

P. On a retrospective view of Curran's character, and particularly of his devotion to his country, I should be more inclined to deem the language exaggerative, and merely used to secure his client's acquittal. *In Statibus Foederatis* 'tis no uncommon thing lately to hear it said, "If a white man behaves himself, he is as good as a colored gentleman."

D. Straws will serve to show how the wind blows; "Slaves turned despots rule the helm," as Montgomery remarks in his "Voyage around the world." In Drapier's Letters, Prout, you must confess I was not mealy-mouthed. This one expression: "And if that shall ever happen I will transport myself into some foreign land, and eat the bread of poverty among a free people"—this expression should secure for me the title of an unblemished patriot.

P. The great fault, Doctor, of your advocacy was its sensational tendency. You signally failed, from not having been actuated by a broad catholicity of spirit and feeling. Had you been so guided you would have been in truth what you are in name: "The unique Dean of St. Patrick's."

D. Would I had been, beloved Prout, so zealously educated as you! But old Trinity showed in its inauguration, the cloven foot, and (shame to say!) the filthy beast has not yet been exorcised from its premises.

P. And, like the barren figtree, it has been cursed for its sterility. Your silent and unproductive *Alma Mater* has turned out to be a cave where no daylight enters, but

—"cats and badgers are for ever bred."
(*Vide "Reliques."*)

D. Very severe but not unmerited language, Prout! Deeming it, however, bad taste to copy so naughty a boy as Ham, let us drop the subject. Now, what do you think of that Greek Thug, Socrates, wishing to come into these catacombs to interview Rhadamanthus? I guess the joker would be glad if he were back again, to hear the curtain lectures of that Dulcinea of his. In the whole *Apologia* written by Plato, his *accoucheur*, (mental! I mean), there seems to be nothing so insensate.

P. Compared with these rueful districts, Xantippe's anti-Socratic diatribes would be sweeter than the Honey of Hybla. Where is the "*anticipated christianity*" in the long beard? Do you see any, Doctor? (No need of adding *mental*: the epithet physical could not apply, the *matter* being *impossible*, as logicians say.)

D. Prout, whose expression is that? I can't call to mind that I ever read it. Some witless genius must have lettered it since my coming *ad hæc luce carentia regna*.

P. John Philpot, in his address to Lord Avonmore, when bringing to his memory the sweets and delights of the "*Noctes Dublinienses*." Beloved Doctor, forgive a fellow-

patriots' *lapsus lingue*, uttered in a fit of enthusiasm encomiastic of the mighty giants of ancient lore. You will have no objection to a literary treat—"a beautiful episode," as it is happily termed by Charles Phillips—which drew tears from Lord Avonmore?

D. In the spirit of the great Roman lyrist, we are happy to say:

— "Æquum est
Peccatis veniam poscentem reddere rur-
sus"

Give it, dear Prout! It is not to be compared with the divine classics; yet, in the Plutonian atmosphere, it is refreshing to hear the stern old Saxon, inferior to neither in strength and terseness.

"Forsan et hæc olim meminisse juvabit."

P. "And this soothing hope," says the patriot and orator, "I draw from the dearest and tenderest recollections of my life; from the remembrance of those Attic nights, and those refectons of the Gods, of which we have partaken with those admired and respected and beloved companions who have gone before us,—over whose ashes the most precious tears of Ireland have been shed. Yes, my Lord; we can remember those nights without any other regret than that they can never return; for,

We spent them not in toys, or lust, or wine;

But search of deep philosophy,
Wit, eloquence and poesy;
Arts which I loved; for they, my friend,
were thine."

D. I agree with you dear Prout. My sincere thanks for the sweet episode! 'Tis enough to suffuse

one's eyes with larger and more copious tears than those the horse Xanthus shed, with his yoke fellow over the loss of their beloved Patroclus:

— "δάκρυα δέ σφιν
Θερμὰ κατὰ βλεφάρων χαμάδις
ῥέε μνρούμένοισιν
Ἠνίοχοιο πόδῳ."

May the holy shade of the great bard forgive me, if this sublime passage suffers aught from being aired "in domo exili Plutoniâ!"

P. Though few can equal his mighty imitator in the majestic march of his muse, the imitation of this passage seems to be a thorough emasculation of the soul-touching pathos of the great Greek bard.

"Post bellator equus, positus insignibus,
Æthon
"It lacrymans, guttisque humectat gran-
dibus ora."

Now, Doctor, does not the imitator, charming as he is, pale away his poetic fire in presence of the Divine Original?

D. I am happy to agree with you, Prout, as to your amiable appreciation. All who have eyes to see, can see how tender you are respecting the grand imitator. You might have remarked that the horse Æthon, has not the world-famed reputation of the classic Xanthus. You perceived it, Prout, I know; but, possessing the *suaviter in modo* in more than a *pro rata* share, you would not utter it.

P. Beloved Doctor, that sweet episode, and the digressions, happily, methinks, growing out of it,

are calculated to throw into the shade the *Erratic*, our original subject.

D. Be explicit, dear Prout, clear and flowing as a limpid stream, whose pebbles may be seen at the base,—“bottom” of course, relegated to the vulgar.—Even in consultation with your medical friend, be elegant ever in expression. Let him be perplexed, puzzled, nonplused, dumbfounded, if he will; but don’t, Prout, if you love the Graces, ever have recourse to Cowper’s philosophy, “necessity has no law.” Show yourself ever faithful to the time-honored classics.

“Odi profanum vulgus.”

Sing this in season and out of season.

P. Why this verbiage, Doctor? Don’t seethe at the mouth so! One of your old fits is coming on you, I fear. You look like one who has the croup. Oh! dreadful place in which to be so attacked, and no disciple of Æsculapius near!

D. No fear, old boy! That moralizing spirit has flitted away, and the upper story’s sound once more. But whom did you mean by “the Erratic?”

P. The Peripatetic, Socrates.

D. Would he had perpetual motion, like the wandering Jew! (Prime youth that!) Seeing the “Five Hundred” were not going to let him have the run of the city, poking his proboscis into everybody’s business—an unwelcome guest everywhere, like bad weather,—the fellow thought he’d make a virtue of necessity by shoving the

Greek blarney on good Rhadamanthus, and thus rusticate in these shades.

P. The philosopher’s rustication, Doctor, was attended with a decided advantage, in that he ceased to be assailed by the *quotidinal* harangues of that most superlative of termagants, Xantippe.

D. This is about the tallest of “high-falutin” language I have ever listened to, Prout. You out-herod Herod; *i.e.* you whip all your other efforts in that line. I thought I detected something out of your own mint, old boy?

P. The English language, like all the other modern tongues, being oscillatory and not having the fixedness of tenure of the gay old Greek or the grave old Latin, justified me in having recourse to my own brewing. I have been fortified in the liberty I took by Macaulay’s authority, in his *Essay on Milton and Addison*.

D. Most critics have decided that the English tongue found its Augustan age in Queen Anne’s reign; therefore, any tampering with it is to be deprecated. Your denunciation of that good housewife was vehement and intemperate; awfully so in these horrent shades; vividly bringing to my mind the Virgilian hexameter,

“Obstupui, steteruntque comæ, et vox
faucibus hæsit.”

P. My denunciation, Doctor, is scarcely so forcible as the language of Latisthenes in conversing with the Erratic himself. “She is the

worst woman," says he, "of all that exist; nay, I believe, of all that ever have existed, or ever will exist."

D. That fellow was an old cynic: much better could not be expected from him. But from a genius which, in some of its oscillations, approached so closely to the Epicurean, we should have anticipated a more graceful style of expression. For your own credit I say it, lest so fierce an onslaught should convey the idea of your having been jilted. To prevent any asperity of feeling on so tender a theme, the imagination should feed—not to mention hosts of others who have adorned our common humanity in every age and clime—should feed, I say, on those sacred models, the amiable Judith, who expelled Holofernes from holy Zion, and the heroic Joan of Arc, who whipped the Saxon thanes from the fair domains of La belle France.

P. My language was vehement, I admit; but excusable, methinks, notwithstanding. How far from my cabin by the wild wood did you want to have the sun yoke his steed, that you desiderated in me such unruffled temper? I have often wept, on reading the life of the Erratic, to think how Xantippe, (thanks to your valuable suggestion,) used to treat him.

"Homo sum, humani nihil, a me alienum puto."

Take this item:—"Ex uno disce omnes." Scarce had Socrates, says his

biographer, risen from his philosophic couch, after the matutinal lecture, when the unamiable Xantippe would deal a passage at his proboscis with a *baculo ferreo*—Anglice, *poker*—and thus unphilosophically eject him from all the charities of life, from all the endearments of home. Can you, Doctor, with all your experience, call to mind, anything more heroic than for the Erratic to marry one of such a temperament, *pro bono publico*?

D. ——"Credat Judæus Apella; Non ego."

Hang me, if she had much of a bargain in the old lad! His *accoucheur* describes him graphically thus: "Indeed his uncomely exterior," says Plato, "was almost proverbial. He was compared to a satyr or Silenus; and his prominent eyes scarcely parted by the low ridge of the nose, his dilated nostrils, wide mouth, thick lips, low and protuberant figure, and awkward movements, were thought a sufficient ground for jest and merriment, even among his friends." His marrying her *pro bono publico* was, according to his biographer, an afterthought with him. There is a *quid pro quo*!

P. "Ohe! jam satis est!" Now, as to the question at issue: what think you of the Erratic's claim to "Anticipated Christianity?"

D. That dialogue which the other clinical genius reported, is enough to destroy all claim to such an arrogant assumption.

P. To whom do you refer? Put your own precept of clearness and

explicitness into practice.

D. Very apt pupil, dear Prout! "Coluisti Minervam cum uno asse."

P. Yes, Doctor, I have cultivated her ladyship's acquaintance, *cum pluribus quam uno*; and have drawn the hand from the ferula wielded by many a grave member of the species.

D. *Ne veritas in risum cognomen eorum.* 'Tis well to throw the veil of charity over dulness. Don't mention names: their works follow them.

P. *Badinage* aside, don't keep

me in suspense. Indicate the other clinical! Don't torture one so!

D. The chap who headed the retreat of the "Ten Thousand."

P. Oh! you mean Xenophon. Better far would it have been for him to have perished with Cyrus, his patron, in the battle of Cunaxa, than to have penned, for all time, such an immoral dialogue. It is incalculable how many students of the venerable classics have been demoralized by literary pruriency.

MANTIS.

(*To be continued.*)

THE AINSLIES.

JOHN T. MALONE.

CHAPTER VI.

The "Glen," where Mr. Ainslie had fixed his residence, was a very pleasant situation indeed, and justly merited the name of one of the finest homesteads about Richmond. Situated at the mouth of a romantic little glen in the hills, about two miles from the river banks—which could be plainly seen across the plantations which stretched between the mansion and the river, and surrounded by beautiful grounds and all the thrift of a flourishing plantation to one approaching it along the sweeping, shady avenue which leads from the high-road, it looked like a charming homestead. And such, indeed, it was—at least inasmuch as it appeared to the eye of an observer.

But it is not the elegant mansion, surrounded by its beautiful gardens and situated amid enchanting scenes—it is not the palatial residence, decorated with all the splendor that wealth can furnish, that fills up the true idea of a home. Can wealth and splendor supply the want of those tender associations that bring back to the heart the memory of happy childhood,—of loving sisters and brothers, of father and mother? No! To him who, after a long absence, returns to his native land and to his home, whether that home be a palace or a cottage, his chief delight in beholding it once more is, that it contains all that is dear to him on earth—his father, perhaps, his mother, sisters, brothers, wife or children.

Were the poor peasant servant of some noble lord suddenly taken from his humble cottage and brought to dwell in a palace, all the richness and beauty of his new dwelling would not please him half as much as the honest homeliness of the cot which he had been used to call his home. How desolate, then, must be the heart of him whose home possesses none of these tender ties! How cold a home must that be which is but a mere covering to keep out the weather's inclemency, as it were—a *dwelling*, not a home, where there is no mother, no memory of a mother, no brothers, no sisters. Bad enough it is to dwell where there have once been these loved ones, but to be compelled to call your home, a house to which there is not even the memory of family love attached, is, to the poor orphan, to feel with double poignancy the bitterness of his desolation. Something of this character did the Glen bear to young Ainslie. True, it had been his home; but what kind of a home? The only beings it contained who had ever seemed to love him, were the hired servants of his Grandfather. His Grandfather, he had scarcely looked upon as a relative, and his childish mind had built up a strong barrier within his heart against the dark stern man whom his nurse had taught him to call "Grandpa." In his present condition, therefore, returning to his home an invalid, (and when is the love or the yearning for a

mother so strong as when sickness fixes its enervating grasp upon us, or when is the absence or the want of either so keenly felt?) his melancholy mood was rather increased than diminished when the stately proportions of the "Glen House" rose above the trees before the eyes of our friends as they rode from the steamer-landing, in the carriage which had been waiting for them.

The elder Mr. Ainslie had conversed very freely with both the young gentlemen, and to a casual observer he would not seem wanting in amiability or affection; but on closer converse, even in his most genial moods, there seemed to hang about him a cold, exclusive reserve and sternness, that seemed to nip the rising feeling of familiarity like a flower frozen in the bud. So, altogether, the mind of our friend, Tom, was strangely disposed towards the grandfather of his friend. As he said to himself, "Well, I am half inclined to believe, after all, that George is right, and that some strange event has happened in this man's life to pervert his nature. He is like no man, and seems entirely wrapt up in himself." But in spite of Tom's mental moralizing and George's melancholy reflections and Mr. Ainslie's sternness, they arrived in due time at the gate of the mansion, and were duly received at the hall door by the house-keeper, who showed the young gentlemen their rooms—Mr. Ainslie leaving them in order to give some

orders to the servants and to visit his overseer.

Before the evening, they had calmly subsided into the spirit of rural quiet. Tom was not long in seeing that the Glen and its surroundings were very interesting, and on the morning after their arrival he began to rally George upon his melancholy, and succeeded, as he usually did, in rousing him out of his ill humor.

Mr. Ainslie had gone out.

"Come George," said Tom, "let us take a run around the place, I am eager to see what is to be seen."

They spent the forenoon in rambling about the plantation—George pointing out to his companion all the places of interest. At dinner, Tom announced his intention of returning that afternoon to Richmond, in order to attend to the business entrusted to him by his father.

Upon his arrival in the city, it being late in the evening, he was not able to see the legal gentleman to whom he had been directed by his father. In the morning, therefore, he waited upon him in his office. After a long consultation with this gentleman upon the merits of the case which he was to enquire into, he found that the matter was, in reality, more serious than his father had supposed, and that it would oblige him to remain longer in Richmond than he had intended. A suit had been instituted against his father in regard to the title to some property near the city,

and the proceedings in the case, owing to the inattention of the elder Mr. Wilkes, had become so confused that it would require some time to disentangle them. Tom, therefore, at the attorney's instigation, determined to prolong his stay until the affair should be concluded. Having done so, his next step was to write to his father, intimating to him his determination and his reasons for it. The letter posted, he found himself standing in the street with nothing to do, and debating within himself the best manner in which he could pass the time that would intervene until the departure of the down river boat.

"Let me see," taking out his watch, "it is ten, now; at two the boat leaves. Four hours! and I don't know a soul in the town. Well, here's for a cigar and a saunter, at any rate;" and lighting the "weed" he began his promenade.

Now, when one is endeavoring to kill time, that contrary old sinner seems more than ever determined to maintain his being with all the pertinacity of the proverbial cat with nine lives; it is no wonder then that our friend, Tom, found the two hours before dinner, which in his mind he had appropriated to his ramble, seeming to stretch out into an interminable age. Wandering about a populous city, with no more interesting employment than the rather monotonous task of reducing to ashes three or four inches of tobacco leaves, is, to say

the least, not the most amusing way of shortening the hours. So our friend Tom found it, and thoughts something like these began to take possession of him, when about half-an-hour after he had left his hotel, he found himself sauntering along down a shady avenue in a retired portion of the city. So, in lieu of better employment, Tom began a scrutiny of the houses and gardens as he passed them by, and estimating the probable social or financial status of their owners, as indicated in the taste displayed or the wealth lavished upon the residences. It was a quiet street—evidently one of the fashionable streets of residence—and there was little to interrupt the even tenor of the young gentleman's thoughts.

Tom had been some time in this state of abstraction when he was suddenly roused to consciousness of himself and his whereabouts, by a fierce rattling of wheels and the screams of a female behind him. Starting quickly around, he beheld a splendid team tearing at a mad rate up the street towards him, almost a block away, and dragging after them an open carriage, in which sat a young lady and a child. The driver had been thrown from his seat, for the reins were dragging beneath the feet of the furious brutes which were frightened beyond control. It was terrible! At any moment the occupants of the carriage might be precipitated upon the hard pavement. But there was no time to think, and Tom rushed

out into the middle of the street in hope to stop the runaways. Just at that moment, however, the furious horses swerved from the center of the street, and came crash against an iron curb upon which some portion of the harness of the nearest animal caught. Quick as thought Tom took advantage of the momentary check thus caused, and seizing in an iron grip, the bit and nostrils of the animal, succeeded in holding them until the arrival of a crowd that was following the runaways. The most conspicuous personage among this excited throng was an elderly gentleman without a hat, his face bleeding, and his clothes dusty and torn, who ran to the side of the carriage and assisted the lady and child to the ground.

"Are you injured, Emma, my dear," he said anxiously.

"No, Charles," she replied, "But you?—that frightful fall—you are hurt."

"No," said the gentleman, "I was only a little bruised."

"Thank God!" said the lady, whilst she tenderly stroked the head of the child as it lay in the father's arms scarcely comprehending the conversation.

"But, dear," continued the lady, "I and our little Pet owe our lives to this noble young man, who has bravely succored us."

Tom, by this time, had relinquished the horses to one of the bystanders and had approached the lady. The old gentleman who

had seen him stop the runaways, now rushed up to him, and seizing him by the hand expressed his thanks:

"Pardon me, my dear sir, that my solicitude for the safety of my wife and child made me seem for a moment to ignore your noble services. I owe their lives to you, sir, and I thank you with all the gratitude of a husband and father," and the kind old gentleman's feelings almost overpowered him as he pressed our young friend's hand.

"You owe me no thanks, my dear sir," said Tom, "for having done what was my duty to do. I am more than rewarded in being the means of preserving the life of a fellow creature."

"You must come home with us, sir," said the old gentleman. "My residence is just around the corner. I was just going to ride out with my wife and child, when the team ran away. John," he continued to the man who held the horses, and who was one of his own servants, "take up the reins, we will ride back."

At first, the lady did not wish to enter the carriage, but being assured by Tom and her husband that the horses were safe, she consented, and in a few moments Tom found himself standing in the parlor of the princely residence of Col. Rawlins. Mrs. Col. Rawlins, the lady whom he had rescued, after having gracefully thanked him, retired. She was, of course, too much agitated to take part in con-

versation. The Colonel—who had introduced himself and wife to Tom in the carriage, and to whom Tom had told his name—was a jovial, open-hearted specimen of the Southern gentlemen. He told Tom how the accident happened, and thanked him again and again, until Tom began to think he had done something wonderful. He was on the point of taking his departure with the promise to call again, and declared some such intention to the Colonel, but that gentleman would not listen to such a proposal.

"No; you must lunch with us. Really, my dear sir, let me prevail upon you to remain. You must not forget that I am greatly your debtor."

Tom explained that he was about leaving Richmond that afternoon. But no excuse would his impulsive host accept. He *must* remain. And so—perhaps not reluctantly—Tom consented.

In a few moments Mrs. Rawlins entered the room, accompanied by a young lady whom she introduced to Mr. Wilkes as her daughter.

"Annie was very anxious to thank the person to whom she owes her mother's life. I have told her of your bravery, Mr. Wilkes."

It was bad enough, poor Tom thought, to have the old people complimenting him, but when he had to listen to the expressions of heartfelt gratitude which Miss Rawlins modestly addressed to him, he blushed like a boy and stammered out a scarcely articulate

response.

What was it that produced such an effect upon him?—him! Tom Wilkes! the wild and unblushing!

It must have been that he had not dreamt of being thus thanked by a beautiful young lady. For Annie Rawlins was beautiful; and it was that beauty which for a moment had confused Tom. He thought he had never seen anyone so lovely as the young girl who stood before him. And we do not disagree with him in this opinion in some respects. Of course we will not be so rash as to say that Mr. Tom Wilkes had never seen so beautiful a girl before; but we will say that Annie Rawlins was then as beautiful a young lady as the city of Richmond contained; and not alone did her beauty entitle her to this distinction—her modesty, her virtue and gentleness, were alike pre-excellent. She was not only endowed with grace and beauty of the lady, but the beauty of the mind as well. She was then seventeen, with black, wavy, silken hair, dark Southern eyes, and a complexion and form scarcely equaled in painting or sculpture. Clad in her simple but becoming dress, she gave, indeed, some show of reason to Tom's sweeping reflection. His embarrassment, however, was but momentary, and in a short time an easy conversation was carried on between Tom and his strangely acquired friends.

Colonel Rawlins, it seems, was but a comparative stranger in Rich-

mond, whither he had come but a few months previous from South Carolina. He had at first taken Tom for a resident of the city, until Tom explained that he was but a visitant and that his home was in the north; Col. Rawlins, too, soon discovered that he was from Yale, in which seat of learning that old gentleman had himself received his education; so that before luncheon was announced, young Wilkes found himself placed upon quite a familiar footing with the family of the worthy Colonel.

His impressions of Miss Rawlins were still more agreeable as their acquaintance progressed, and when, at last, the time for his departure had arrived, he wondered how it was that time had passed so quickly. (Such an equivocal and deceptive old gentleman is that same worthy ancient who holds the hour glass that measures the moments of our life and wields the scythe that cuts us down at last.) It was only after many promises that he would call upon them on his visits to the city that his friends would allow him to depart.

But he succeeded at last in reaching his hotel, where, after settling the indispensable bill, he took up the indispensable valise, lit the not indispensable cigar, called a carriage and ordered the driver to convey him to the down-river boat.

Leaning back in his seat, puffing forth large volumes of smoke, Tom's whole mind was engrossed with his adventure, and ended by con-

gratulating himself on his good fortune, and rejoicing at the lucky accident which had introduced him to such a pleasant family. And strange to say, he would find himself thinking of Miss Annie, and congratulating himself especially upon her acquaintance.

Thus did our young friend occupy himself during most of the journey down.

"'Tis very strange," he thought, "that in defiance of all my efforts to direct my thoughts upon some other subject, yet, I *will* think of her in spite of myself."

Tom found the Ainslies much as he had left them. The old gentleman had provided that George should have plenty of air and exercise, and had forbidden him to touch a book. He had a boat upon the river, and it, together with the carriage and horses were placed entirely at the control of his grandson. Tom, who was passionately fond of out-door sport, was immediately in high spirits. As soon as he had learned Mr. Ainslie's intention, he laid out for George a grand plan of amusement, in which horses, dogs, guns, fishing-tackle, boat-

sailing, etc., figured prominently and promiscuously. George caught something of his enthusiasm, and by the next day they were *in medias res*.

Tom had made arrangements that the attorney in town would send for him whenever he should be wanting, and so troubled himself little about the business in Richmond.

There was, however, a great deal of purpose in his proceeding thus. He saw that although George had the best medical advice, air and exercise were of tenfold more importance to him in his present state. Mr. Ainslie, too, seemed to see Tom's purpose, and in his icy way seemed to encourage him in it. He pressed Tom very politely—yet distantly it is true—to remain some months with him. This Tom did not refuse. The more he reflected, the more he felt convinced that Mr. Ainslie's object was, by his companionship to assist George in the recovery of his health. As his business too, he thought, would keep him some time, he could well make the promise.

To be continued.

IDLE NOTES.

THIS month, indulgent readers, a new Idle-Notist makes his appearance upon the stage, and attempts to make his best bow to the kind patrons of the OWL. If you were to ask us how it happens that this change has come about, upon our word, as a respectable young owl, we do not believe that we could inform you. But the facts of the case are, as far as we know that an election has, according to the rules of the OWL's household been held; the worthy gentleman who formerly occupied with honor to himself as well as pleasure to his friends, the above-mentioned post, has been called upon to fill a station of greater trust. Now, whether or not the minds of our brother owls had formed the idea that the post of Idle-Notist required a person of a correspondingly idle disposition, we cannot tell; but it does really seem to us that some such notion they must have had when they chose the present incumbent. We do admit that we are a little *slow*, (we don't say anything, kind reader, *entre nous*, about the pressing invitations of which we have been the recipient during the last few days, from the printer, to hand in these same *dilatory* notes) and after a thorough examination of conscience, finding no other faculty in our possession which would entitle us to a nomination to the post we occupy, we have come to the conclusion that it was through some consideration of the above kind that we have been thrust into office. We will do the best we can, however, to discharge the functions. We have studied the duties of Idle-Notist, and find that it is not a *fat* office, nor an *idle* one. Its incumbent does not have such a leisurely pleasant time, walking calmly about and discovering news items, as plentifully strewn around as pebbles, with nothing more to do than to pick them up and send them around to the printing office to be put in type. No! His is Jenkin's fate. You know Jenkins?—Hotly he pursues a news item for a whole day, and often is on the point of giving up the chase in despair of obtaining the desired particulars. We are acquainted with one young gentleman who has been an Idle-Notist in his time, and his friends say he has lost greatly in bodily weight and fair proportion within the last two or three years. We used to think its cause was the daily walks upon the roads of the surrounding country; but it is now our candid opinion that a great part of it was due to the arduous duties to which he was obliged to attend during his period of Idle-Notistship. But we have determined to do our work to the best of our ability, and to try to

keep up the reputation which the worthy gentlemen who have preceded us in the management of this department of the College Magazine have given us. Thus have we sat down to-day (the admonitions of the above-mentioned printer ringing in our ears,) to collect together and put in order the promiscuous notes scattered about our table, and render them presentable to the reader. Therefore have we armed ourselves with a box of pens a ream of foolscap, and the eteteras of the editorial office, and begun our task. May we hope that our friends will accept our good will to serve them, in rendering our department of the OWL interesting, and kindly overlook all our shortcomings?

A CHANGE has this year been instituted by the College authorities regarding the matter of the examination for degrees. Formerly, a candidate for Academical honors, after having passed through the prescribed course, was submitted to a general examination in the Classics, in English, Chemistry and Natural Philosophy, Mathematics, Logic and Metaphysics, for the degree of Bachelor of Arts; the same, with the exception of Classics, for the degree of Bachelor of Science, and, after a year spent in the study of Ethics, Natural Right, and Higher Mathematics, the degree of Master of Arts was conferred upon those who had already received the de-

gree of A.B. Under the new regulations the candidates for A.B. are submitted to an examination in the first year of Mental Philosophy, (Logic and Metaphysics), the second year of Mathematics, (Geometry, Trigonometry, Conic Sections and Surveying), Elementary Chemistry and the first year of Natural Philosophy. But to become a candidate for A.B., he must first have passed a satisfactory examination in English Rhetoric and in the Classics. For S.B. the examination is the same, except that Latin and Greek are not required. For A.M., the candidate is required to pass a satisfactory examination in Moral Philosophy (Ethics), in the treatises of Natural Philosophy which he may have studied in his second year, in Organic Chemistry, and in Analytical Geometry and Calculus; but to become a candidate for this honor he must first have received the degree of A.B.

This new system, inaugurated by our worthy Faculty, will, we think, prove highly beneficial and advantageous to the College. It probably renders the obtaining of a degree more difficult than formerly, as it is understood that the examinations hereafter will be more strict, but at the same time it narrows and defines the field more fully than formerly, and affords the candidate far more adequate and timely preparation. The system is good, and will have the effect of producing graduates worthy of their Col-

lege and capable of sustaining and doing honor to their title.

Another beneficial institution has been re-established in the College this year: that is Public Examinations and Competitive Literary Exercises. This custom, which had been followed in the College, was discontinued during several years past, and we think its restoration will be productive of much good. It is proposed that at the end of each month there will be short examinations or literary exercises in the College Hall at the monthly reading of Class Rank, before the students, and at the end of the year examinations will be given before the public. It is unnecessary to point out the advantages of such a system, as it is evident to all that it will give students greater confidence in themselves, and afford their parents and friends a means of noting their progress.

THE fact of the OWL being at present printed in the College, enables us to promise our friends an improvement in regard to the time of the issue of the magazine hereafter. It is the intention of the managers that it shall be issued as nearly as possible on the 20th of each month, in order to reach subscribers in due time. Should any one be inclined to criticise, and should his sharp eyes light upon any faults in this or the number preceding, we would beg to state in extenuation that during the last two months our printing office has

been undergoing repairs, and if our critic be at all familiar with the mysterious mechanism of a printing office, he will see at once that our errors are excusable; if he is not thus familiar, let him enquire from his friend, the editor of the *Daily* —, regarding the vexations which lost copy, a “pied galley,” a form badly registering, will produce, and we dare say that gentleman will satisfy him.

On the 27th day of August, the “Owl Association” held its regular annual meeting. The Rev. A. Varsi, S.J., President of the College, occupied the chair and announced the object of the meeting to be the election of a President and Editors for the ensuing year. Rev. Edmund J. Young, S.J., was elected President by an unanimous vote. His choice of Mr. James H. Campbell, for First Editor, was unanimously concurred in. The other editors elected were Mr. John T. Malone, Mr. Henry J. Harrison and Mr. Hermann B. Peyton. Of these, Mr. Malone was chosen Second Editor, Mr. Peyton, Third, and Mr. Harrison, Fourth.

On the 9th of August, the Philalethic Society held their first meeting of the session, Rev. E. J. Young being in the chair. The following was the result of the election of Officers,—Vice President, J. C. Johnson; Secretary, J. Poujade; Corresponding Secretary,

J. T. Malone; Treasurer, Mason Wilson; Librarian, A. W. Kelly; Censor, Alex. Campbell, Jr.

THE Philhistorian Society held their semi-annual election of officers upon the 16th of August, with the following result:—Vice President, J. S. Raleigh; Secretary, James Kennedy; Corresponding Secretary, H. B. Peyton; Treasurer, D. G. Sullivan; Censor, J. Dunne; Librarian, M. J. Walsh; Assistant Librarian, J. Carrigan.

THE Dramatic Society held its election of officers on the evening of Saturday, August 17th. The following gentlemen were chosen for the respective offices:—Vice President, J. T. Malone; Secretary, A. W. Kelly; Treasurer, D. G. Sullivan; Stage Manager, Mr. Cialente, S.J.; Costumer, J. A. Waddell; Prompter, J. C. Johnson; Censor, J. Poujade.

BASE BALL is rather dull in the College at present, we believe. There seems to be little interest taken in the game; the reason is probably traceable to the warm weather and the absence of some of the best players. The two principal clubs: the Ætna and the Phoenix, have organized; the former on the 10th of September, and the latter on the 11th. The officers of the Ætnas for the present year, are as follows:—President, Mr. Calzia, S.J.; Vice President, J. S. Raleigh; Secretary, J. Chretien;

Treasurer, J. Poujade; Censor, P. H. Dunn; Captain 1st nine, M. Wilson. The election of a Captain of 2d nine was postponed until next meeting.

The officers elected by the Phoenix were:—President, Mr. Cialente, S. J.; Vice President, H. J. Harrison; Treasurer, D. G. Sullivan; Censor, A. Arguello; Captain, 1st nine, J. F. McQuade.

THE College, and particularly the OWL, has this month been called upon to part with one of their best friends, in the person of the Rev. Edmund J. Young, S.J., who has been called to his ecclesiastical province, Maryland, by his superiors. He left us on the 8th of August, followed by the regrets and prayers of all who knew him, and to whom his generous heart and genial disposition had endeared him. To those who have had the pleasure of his personal acquaintance, it would be useless to speak of the deep sorrow with which his friends parted with him. During the period of Father Young's sojourn amongst us, he was beloved by every one, and his absence has left a void which is keenly felt by all, especially by us, Students of the College, who have listened to his instructions, advice, and admonitions, who have been members of the Societies over which he has presided, and who have been daily in his company. May Heaven grant him every blessing that his excellent qualities deserve.

At a joint meeting of the Philalethic and Philhistorian Societies, convened on the day of Father Young's departure, on the report of the Committee appointed to draft suitable resolutions, the following were adopted:

WHEREAS—That now our worthy President, Rev. Edmund J. Young, S.J., is about to leave us, it is fitting that we express our regret at his sudden departure

Resolved—That we manifest our appreciation of his merits as an able, kind and zealous President of our Societies.

Resolved—That as Students, we will hold in the highest esteem, his patience, his unwearied perseverance and long tried skill as a teacher.

Resolved—That we shall always cherish his memory as that of one who has ever endeared himself to all with whom he came in contact.

Resolved—That we regard his departure as a deep loss to the community of Santa Clara College.

Resolved—That a copy of these Resolutions be presented to the Rev. Father Young, and that they be also published in the OWL.

JAMES H. CAMPBELL,
J. C. JOHNSON,
ALFRED W. KELLY,
JOHN S. RALEIGH,
JOS. POUJADE,
H. B. PEYTON,

JAS. KENNEDY, Secretary.

THE departure of Father Young has necessitated the re-appointment of Presidents for most of our Literary Societies. At a meeting of the "Owl Association," called by the President of the College on the 13th of September, Mr. T. Leonard,

S.J., was chosen President of that association. The Rev. Father Pinasco, S.J., who takes the place of Father Young in the Faculty, has accepted the Presidency of the Philhistorian Society. At the regular meeting of the Philalethic Society, Wednesday evening, Sept. 13th, Professor H. Dance was unanimously elected to the vacant Presidency.

On Wednesday, Sept., 6th, the First and Second Rhetoric Classes engaged in an elocutionary duel. The challenge came from the Second Class, and great preparations were made by both for the occasion. The speakers were: First Class—Messrs J. Poujade, F. McCusker, J. Raleigh, J. Smith, J. Dunne, J. Malarrin, and R. F. Del Valle; Second Class—Messrs. R. Wallace, V. McClatchy, A. Raleigh, A. Veuve, N. Murphy, J. Radovich and R. Bowie. All the gentlemen spoke with good taste and spirit. The palm was awarded to the First Class, the gentlemen of which enjoyed a substantial treat in the refectory on the announcement of the result, a few days after the contest.

THE College String Band will re-organize, Professor Vile tells us, as soon as the neck of the big fiddle is mended—that important instrument having met with an accident during the vacation.

WE understand that Professor Vile contemplates publishing a series of compositions entitled, "The Lily Waltzes."

Committee
on Drafting
Resolutions.

OLIO.

One Patrick Maguire had been appointed to a situation, the reverse of a place of all work, and his friends who called to congratulate him were very much astonished to see his face lengthen on the receipt of the news. "A sinecure, is it!" exclaimed Pat, "Sure I know what a sinecure is: it is a place where there is nothing to do and they pay you by the piece."

A very stupid foreman asked a judge how he was to *ignore* a bill. "Write *ignoramus* for self and fellows on the back of it," said a bystander.

A barrister attempting to brow-beat a female witness told her she had "brass enough to make a sauce-pan." the woman retorted: "and you have sauce enough to fill it."

A young Englishman talking about the Bishop of —, made the following remark:

"Though not a Catholic his Lordship has 'Tis plain, a strong disposition to a-mass."

Curran's ruling passion was his joke. In his last illness his physician remarked in the morning that he seemed to cough with more difficulty, he answered, "That is rather surprising, as I have been practising all night."

A man once praising porter, said it was so excellent a beverage that though taken in great quantities it always made him fat. "I have seen the time when it made you *lean*, too," said his companion. "When? I would like to know," enquired the eulogist. "Why, no longer ago than last night, against a wall."

Foote, praising the hospitality of the Irish after one of his trips to the sister kingdom, a gentleman asked him whether he had ever been at Cork, "No sir," said Foote, "but I have seen many *drawings* of it."

Reputation is to notoriety what real turtle is to mock.

A lazy fellow lying down on the grass, exclaimed, "Oh how I wish this was called work and well paid for."

Rogers used to relate this story: An Englishman and a Frenchman fought a duel in a darkened room. The Englishman, unwilling to take his antagonist's life, generously fired up the chimney and brought the Frenchman down. "When I tell this story in France," pleasantly added the orator, "I make the Englishman go up the chimney."

TABLE OF HONOR.

Credits for the month of August, as read on Wednesday September 6th, 1871.

CHRISTIAN DOCTRINE.

- 1st Class—G. Bull, 85; J. Coddington, 95; W. Den, 95; J. Dunne, 95; S. Fellom, 100; F. Kellogg, 95; N. Murphy, 100; L. Palmer, 100; J. Poujade, 95; J. Raleigh, 90; J. Smith, 90; A. Veuve, 100; Ryl. Wallace, 100; M. Walsh, 100; W. Walsh, 85;
 2d Class—J. Burling, 86; P. De Celis, 86; R. Del Valle, 94; J. Kennedy, 70; V. Mc Clatchy, 80; G. Pacheco, 79; R. Soto, 85; F. Trembly, 75,
 3d Class—A. Bell, 75; J. Goetz, 100; J. McCone, 85; J. Nichols, 100; A. Pierotich, 95; A. Reale, 75; J. Reale, 100; G. Seifert, 75; P. Soto, 100; G. Videau, 100; R. Wallace, 70; J. Ward, 75; A. Gaddi, 100.

ETHICS.

- H. Harrison, 95; A. Kelly, 94; J. T. Malone, 95.

MENTAL PHILOSOPHY.

- A. Campbell, 72; J. C. Johnson, 75; M. Wilson, 75.

NATURAL PHILOSOPHY.

- J. Burling, 90; P. Dunn, 90; M. Wilson, 70; J. C. Johnson, 90; F. McCusker, 70; H. Peyton, 90; J. Raleigh, 85; J. Smith, 85; D. G. Sullivan, 80; M. Walsh, 90;

CHEMISTRY.—2nd year.

- M. Walsh, 94; J. C. Johnson, 87; J. Poujade, 76; D. G. Sullivan, 75; J. Carrigan, 75; A. W. Kelly, 70.

CHEMISTRY.—1st year.

- A. Campbell, 92; H. B. Peyton, 90; N. Murphy, 84; J. Chretien, 78; A. Arguello, 75; F. McCusker, 72; J. Radovich, 79.

MATHEMATICS.

- 1st Class—J. C. Johnson, 95; J. T. Malone, 95; L. Pinard, 90; M. Wilson, 95.
 2d Class—D. G. Sullivan, 100; J. Raleigh, 100; A. Veuve, 100; J. Chretien, 100; A. Saufrignon, 100; A. Arguello, 90; J. Poujade, 90; J. Carrigan, 90; P. Yrigoyen, 70;
 3d Class—G. Bull, 80; J. Burling, 70; A. Campbell, 90; R. Del Valle, 90; V. Mc Clatchy, 95; F. McCusker, 90; N. Murphy, 90; H. B. Peyton, 75; J. Smith, 85; Ryland Wallace, 90.

GREEK.

- 1st Class—H. Harrison, 80.
 3d Class—H. B. Peyton, 86.
 4th Class—M. Walsh, 70.

LATIN.

1st Class—H. Harrison, 80.

2d Class—A. Campbell, 73.

4th Class—G. Bull, 100; J. Burling, 100; C. Ebner, 79; T. Morrison, 100; L. Pinard, 100; R. Soto, 95.

5th Class—J. Coddington, 80; T. Durbin, 80; H. Hopkins, 70; V. McClatchy, 70; J. Poujade, 90; L. Palmer, 90.

RHETORIC CLASS.

English Oration, History and Geography—P. Dunn, 82; F. McCusker, 74; H. Peyton, 90; J. Poujade, 91; J. Raleigh, 74; J. Smith, 70; M. Walsh, 90.

POETRY CLASS.

English Composition, History and Geography—Jas. Kennedy, 77; N. Murphy, 70; A. Raleigh, 74; A. Veuve, 89; Ry. Wallace, 70.

1st. GRAMMAR CLASS.

Composition, History and Geography—Geo. Bull, 73; Jas. Coddington, 70; Wm. Hereford, 70; Fred. Kellogg, 70; Thos. Morrison, 80; R. Soto, 70.

2d GRAMMAR CLASS.

P. De Celis, 74; S. Fellom, 80; P. Soto, 70; L. Wolter, 77.

FRENCH.

1st Class—J. Burling, 70; R. Del Valle, 80; C. Georget, 70; J. Poujade, 75; A. Veuve, 70.

2d Class—G. Bull, 73; T. Morrison, 70; J. Radovich, 80.

3d Class—J. Auzeais, 95; J. Burling, 86; B. Chretien, 100; P. Donahue, 100; J. Garrat, 100; F. Lacoste, 79; J. Perrier, 100; P. Sansevain, 100; G. Videau, 100; M. Donahue, 77.

SPANISH.

2d Class—N. Camarillo, 93; J. Coddington, 95; S. Fellom, 94; J. Judd, 70; N. Murphy, 94; G. Pacheco, 94.

GERMAN.

R. Bowie, 90; V. McClatchy, 80; H. Pfister, 70.

ARITHMETIC.

1st Class—J. Coddington, 75; J. Dunn, 70; Wm. Hereford, 95; Fred. Eaton, 97; Jas. Judd, 70; T. Morrison, 90; L. Palmer, 85; A. Raleigh, 85; P. Soto, 80; R. Soto, 90.

2d Class—C. Colombet, 80; P. Cohen, 70; T. Durbin, 85; D. Furlong, 70; J. Goetz, 70; H. Hubbard, 70; J. Sheridan, 75; F. Trembly, 70; Rich. Wallace, 70; L. Wolter, 80; J. Broder, 78; R. Kelly, 70; B. Trebok, 65; Jas. Thompson, 70; T. Godfrey, 100.

3d Class—A. Den, 82; D. Egan, 83; J. Furman, 78; D. Kidd, 70; P. McGovern, 73; W. Moson, 87; J. Nichol, 80; C. Petersen, 83; E. Petersen, 80; A. Pierotich, 81; J. San Roman, 79; C. Stonesifer, 85; P. De Celis, 85.

BOOK-KEEPING.

- 1st Class—R. Soto, 90; J. Raleigh, 90; F. McCusker, 90.
 2d Class—J. Bisagno, 100; N. Camarillo, 90; P. Colombet, 80; W. Den, 70; P. De Celis, 70; F. Eaton, 98; S. Fellom, 95; Wm. Hereford, 100; V. McClatchy, 90; N. Murphy, 85; R. Smith, 98; F. Trembly, 70; W. Walsh, 100; L. Wolter, 98
 3d Class—T. Durbin, 96; H. Dwinelle, 86; C. Ebner, 90; T. Godfrey, 70; J. Goetz, 79; T. Morrison, 90; W. Moson, 76; Jas. Nichol, 78; L. Palmer, 96; P. Sansevan, 86; B. Trobok, 86.

READING AND SPELLING.

- 1st Class, 1st Divis.—L. Broder, 70; J. Bisagno, 74; P. Colombet, 70; H. Corcoran, 70; John Day, 79; D. Egan, 79; S. Fellom, 80; Fred. Kellogg, 88; G. Pacheco, 72; Jas. Thompson, 70; F. Trembly, 70.
 2d Divis.—P. Donahue, 80; C. Ebner, 80; T. Morrison, 97; L. Palmer, 78; R. Soto, 77.
 2d Class—A. Bell, 75; P. Colombet, 70; T. Godfrey, 75; J. Goetz, 80; A. Martin, 80; A. McCone, 70; Chas. Peterson, 75; A. J. Pierotich, 70; Rich. Smith, 70; P. Soto, 79; J. Sullivan, 70; R. Thorn, 70; L. Wolter, 70.
 3d Class—E. Hall, 80; F. Murphy, 70; J. San Roman, 78.

ELOCUTION.

- 1st Class—F. McCusker, 74; H. Peyton, 74; J. Poujade, 79.
 2d Class—J. Kennedy, 70; V. McClatchy, 80; N. Murphy, 75; J. Radovich, 75; A. Veuve, 75; Ryl. Wallace, 85.
 3d Class—P. Donahue, 70; D. Furlong, 87; T. Morrison, 75.
 4th Class—J. Day, 70; D. Egan, 80; T. Egan, 95; S. Fellom, 70.
 5th Class—P. Corpstein, 75; J. Furman, 70; W. Geggus, 70; E. Hall, 75; J. McCarthy, 78; A. McCone, 80; W. Moson, 83; C. Petersen, 78.

PENMANSHIP.

- 1st Class—N. Camarillo, 70; A. Den, 70; J. Kennedy, 72; T. Morrison, 71; G. Pacheco, 70; R. Soto, 70; P. Soto, 70. L. Wolter, 70.
 2d Class—J. Judd, 71; R. Smith, 70.
 3d Class—A. Pierotich, 70; R. Thorn, 71.

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- 1st Division—J. Chretien, 90.
 2d Division—Fred. Eaton, 70; P. Donahue, 75; V. McClatchy, 90; G. Videau, 75; P. Sansevain, 70.

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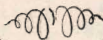
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